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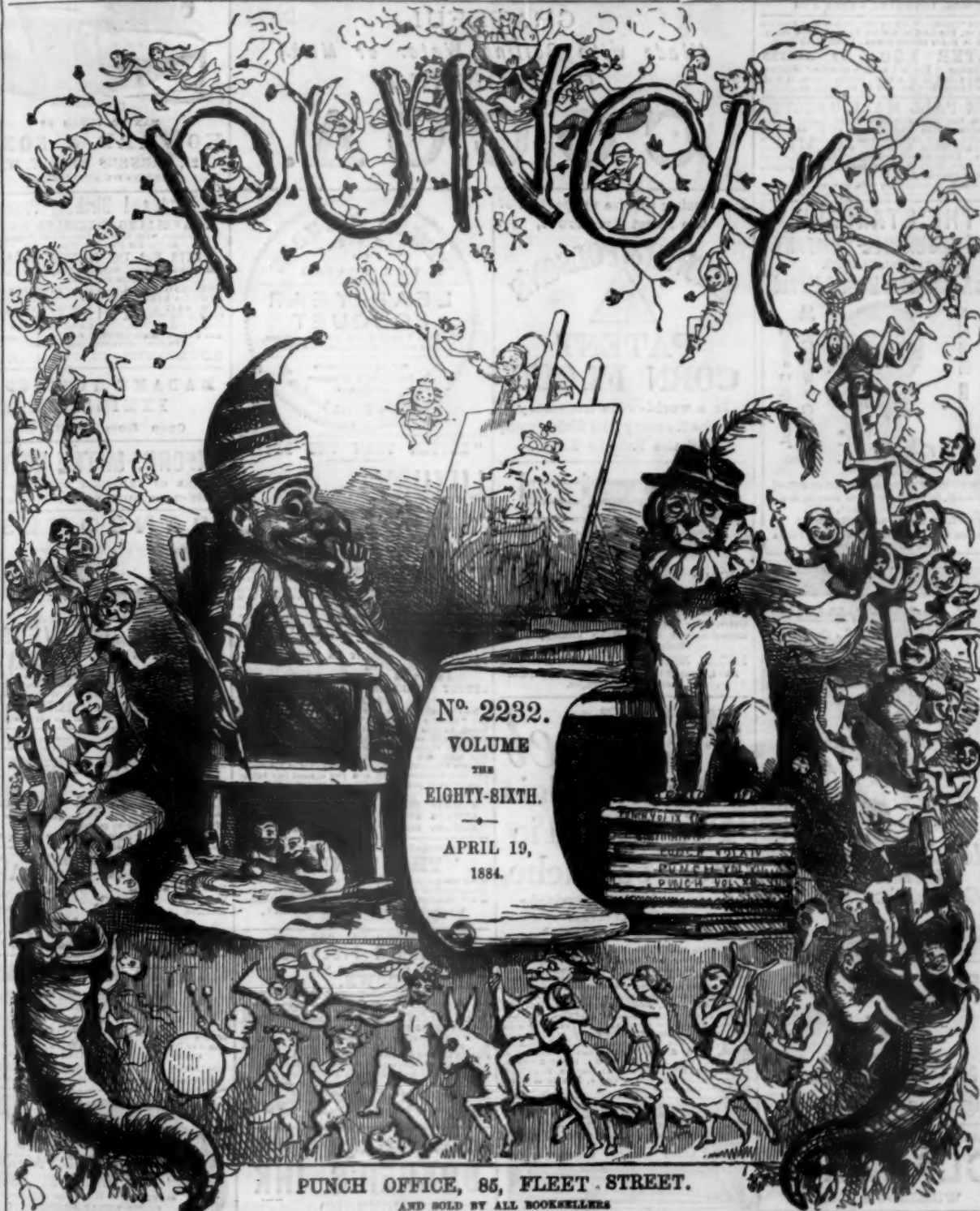
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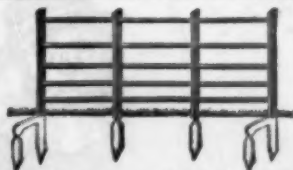
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DEAR VANITY.—I will begin my letter this week by stating the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. It is called 'Glyxaline,' three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds.—'The Times' says: 'VARY FAIR, MARCH 17, 1884. GLYXALINE, prepared by LEATH & BROS., 5, St. Paul's, and 5, Vere St., W. All Chemists, 1s. 1/6 and 2s. 6d.; post, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.'



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FASHIONABLE NEW SHAPE COLLAR. "THE TANDEM" is the most comfortable Collar made. Combines the appearance of a "Masher" Collar with the comfort of a "Shakespeare." Sold by all First-Class Hosiery. Wholesale only of W. H. & H. LE MAY, 82, Wood Street, London, E.C.

SECOND TO NONE. THE SCORER FIELD-CLASS, 35s. IN BEST SLING CASE, 38s. JAMES BROWN, 74, ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

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HEAL & SON.—BEDDING.

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HEAL & SON'S Illustrated CATALOGUE, with 80 Designs and Price List of Bedding, sent free by post. 105 to 108, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

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[Volunteers are to thoroughly search all Farm-Buildings, &c., on the line of march.—General Orders.]

Energetic Volunteer Officer. "NOW THEN, YOU SIR! WHY DON'T YOU SEARCH THESE FARM BUILDINGS?"

OUT-OF-PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,

THE question of Cumulative Voting is of so much importance that I feel sure you will permit me to ventilate it in the columns of your paper—a paper particularly suitable for such a discussion. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has recently written to one of your contemporaries, suggesting that when there are five seats and twelve candidates, the extra votes should be given to the five, and not the twelve. At least that is the impression he has left upon my mind. I subjoin an alternative scheme.

Say, there are ten Candidates and eight Seats. Let everyone have as many votes as he pleases (there is nothing like liberality in such a matter as this), and, allowing a large margin for various idiosyncrasies, we can fancy the following result:—

Mr. GLADSTONE	2,400
Mr. J. L. TOOLE (representing Mr. WILSON BARRETT)	18,016
Mr. SPURGEON	7
Cardinal MANNING	452
Mr. GRIFFITHS (the Safe Man)	29,645
Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (representing himself)	1
Mr. BRADSHAW (representing the Railway Interests)	86
Secretary, General Omnibus Company	4,000,000
Mr. WILSON BARRETT (representing Mr. LAWRENCE BARRETT)	6
Miss MARY ANDERSON (representing Lord COLEBRIDGE)	1

Having obtained this result, our course is quite clear. Miss MARY ANDERSON (as a foreigner and a Lady), the Secretary of the General Omnibus Company (as an injudicious selection), and Mr. GRIFFITHS (because he is a safe man), may be struck out at once. We then have remaining, Messrs. GLADSTONE, J. L. TOOLE, SPURGEON, WILSON BARRETT, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and last, but not least, Cardinal MANNING. This will give us seven Candidates for eight Seats. Clearly some addition will be required. For the sake of fairness, it would be advisable to add at least five; say, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, Mr. COMYNS CARR, Sir EDWARD WATKIN, Sir ANDREW CLARK, and Mr. VAL PRINSEP. We now submit the amended list to the next voter, when we need not be surprised if he sends in the following returns:—

Emperor of CHINA } Dead heat.
Mr. TRACY TURNERELL }
The Ghost of Hamlet's Uncle—Nowhere.

This result should be most satisfactory, as it would argue that it was furnished by a lunatic—a member of a highly esteemed class,

Charles Reade.

RUPERT of Letters! Stilled that fiery tongue,
As trenchant as the trooper's steel! And yet
No passion-dainty Poet ever sung
Whose heart was tenderer. Round the world regret
Will rise on hearing that distinctive voice
Is mute which gave to Fiction and the Stage
Virile creations, made the oppressed rejoice,
And vindicated with a noble rage
The master-virtue, Justice, stabbed too oft,
Like CÆSAR, by its trusted seeming friends.
The world, o'er full of twaddlers tame and soft,
Will miss his leonine style, who roars and rends
With Samson zest, yet yields from strenuous might
"Sweetness" of Pity and victorious Right.

A CERTAIN CURE.

Patient (to Medical Attendant). What can you recommend to restore my appetite?

Practitioner. Some medicine which I will send you. Go on taking it until you feel hungry, and in the meanwhile don't eat anything whatever.

INTELLECTUAL TREAT.—Penny Reading: a reading of the barometer.

for which it is, however, most difficult to obtain adequate representation. The first and the last of these candidates would be rejected on account of their disabilities to sit in Parliament. There is no reason, however, why the votes given to them should not be added to Mr. SPURGEON's series. Now, say we give the amended list to a thousand persons taken hap-hazard, as of course the plan I am advocating is merely an experiment to see how it works, and not to test the political bias of our much-loved country—we should possibly have this result:—

Mr. GLADSTONE	4,792
Mr. J. L. TOOLE	29,000,000
Mr. SPURGEON	7
Cardinal MANNING	10
Mr. BRADSHAW	8,400,762
Mr. COMYNS CARR	97
Sir E. WATKIN	243
Messrs. HOLLINGSHEAD and PRINSEP (coupled)	768

It is obvious that the natural thing to do now would be to reject Mr. BRADSHAW, and take away his votes. Having done this, matters would be made more ship-shape by every voter thinking of a number, doubling it, adding seven to it, dividing it by five, and putting the total thus reached to the credit of his favourite candidate. This, of course, would be merely a question of figures.

You will notice that I have done my best in the above rough sketch to meet all possibilities. With the coming Reform Bill no doubt we shall have quite a new kind of electors, for whose peculiarities wide allowance must be made. They are given votes, and it is, consequently, of importance that those votes should be properly utilised. Unless those who possess the franchise are carefully instructed beforehand, it is not improbable that the tossing of a halfpenny may decide many a difficult question of choice. And as we cannot reasonably expect that every voter will have a profound knowledge of the higher branches of the Mathematical Science, the simpler the process of election advocated the better.

And now, Sir, having inaugurated the idea, and suggested a scheme which seems to me quite as comprehensible as that proposed by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, I leave it to others with more time at their disposal than I have to develop it.

With sincere respect, yours truly,

MATTHEW MUDDLE.

DOG-LATIN INDZED.—(By Johnson Junior.)—"Cave Canem!" Beware of the Cane!



WELL UP IN HER MYTHOLOGY.

Tommy. "MADGE, WHAT'S 'NECESSITAS' : MASCU LINE OR FEMININE?"

Madge. "WHY, FEMININE, OF COURSE!" Tommy. "WHY?"

Madge. "WHY, SHE WAS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION!"

A FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM one of that misunderstood and somewhat maligned race called Common Councilmen. We are generally considered to be neither a poetical nor even a literary class of mankind; but that is, I assure you, a great mistake. I have heard lofty flights of eloquence in our Court that have, I should think, been rarely equalled, seldom excelled. I have heard an impassioned Orator exclaim, when called to order, "My Lord Mayor, I stand upon my nucleus!" which so astonished his Lordship that he allowed him to proceed. I have heard a member, whom we all considered as our most accomplished French scholar, warn the Court that, if they were not very careful, "they would put their foot into a *faux pas*!" and, as we looked somewhat doubtfully, he declared his firm resolution not to be put *hors de combat* by a side-wind! He was afterwards proposed as Chairman of our Library or Literary Committee, and received the support of men of University fame, high in the service of their country, and who will probably shortly be high in the service of important constituencies. I give these as mere samples, to show that we are not the unlettered race that some imagine us to be, and I wish, Sir, with your permission, to show the world of Literature that we sometimes, upon the very slightest provocation, soar into the very highest regions of imaginative poetry.

In September last I visited Switzerland accompanied by my Wife and my Mother-in-law, and, one beautiful evening, my Wife being too fatigued to accompany us, her dear Mother and myself went out for a stroll. We ascended the Matterhorn, at least we ascended a portion of it, and, in reply to my companion, I boldly informed her that Matterhorn was Swiss for Mother-in-law, as Jungfrau was for a Bride, so that I might fairly claim the pair, at which pretty conceit

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

JILTED!

(An Intercepted Letter.)

'Tis the dullest of days, and my heart it is sad,
So I make the logs blaze, for the weather is bad;
I have half done the *Times*, and have quite done my toast,
While I'm reading of crimes comes the Ten o'clock post.
There's a merry rat-tat and a packet from You.
'Tis so tempting and fat that I quickly undo
All the seals in a trice, and the blossoms release—
It is awfully nice to have flowers from Nice!

What a dainty perfume do your messengers bring,
And they scare away gloom with their savour of Spring;
Here's the violet blue, the pale lily, the rose,
But a letter from You they all fail to disclose!
It puzzles me quite, and I fail to divine
Why you did not just write just one brief little line?
While we're thinking of ice and East winds that ne'er
cease—

It is awfully nice to have flowers from Nice!

Ah! your cheek all a-flush, most undoubtedly shows
Both the pallor and blush of the lily and rose;
And your eyes are as blue as the sweet violet,
They are trustful and true, and you never forget!
Ah! I now understand, here's your portrait complete,
In a floral shorthand is your *carte de visite*!
A most charming device is this dainty caprice—
It is awfully nice to have flowers from Nice!

Stop a moment, for I—the most luckless of bards—
'Neath *fleur d'orange* spy two absurd little cards!
Had I only been wise and had finished my *Times*,
'Twould have opened my eyes, and have spared you my
rhymes:

One can't always depend on the word of a Rose:
My poem's at an end and my life's full of prose!
Here's a handful of rice for a couple of geese—
Is it awfully nice to have flowers from Nice?

PROTECTION FOR PRETTY CREATURES. — It has been announced that Mr. MACFARLANE (Carlow) intends in Committee on the Cruelty to Animals Act Amendment Bill to move a clause that will include Women. It is no doubt a shame that Women do not enjoy as much protection against cruelty as that which the law affords inarticulate animals. Still, Mr. MACFARLANE, it does not look polite on the face of it.

she was pleased to say that I was a born Poet. At this particular moment a pair of evidently youthful lovers passed along in the valley below, and, the divine afflatus being upon me, I improvised the following lines, which, my astonished Mother-in-law assured me breathed all the mystic passion of SHELLEY:—

The thundering avalanche lingered on its way,
The friendly moon obliged them with a ray.
At length, a well-known cloud appeared in sight,
And, to their horror, bathed them in the night!

On another occasion I commenced a description of the Jungfrau, which ran thus:

The Jungfrau's snow shines like condensed milk
O'er limbs whose symmetry would set off silk.

but my kindly Mother-in-law thought the lines slightly improper, so I did not continue them. I perhaps may as well add, that I was so pleased with her candid and truthful criticism on my Matterhorn poem, that I gave her that little cheque for her dear ALFRED, that I had refused in the morning with some unnecessary asperity.

J. LEECH.

Same Thing!

"SATAN rebuking sin" 's a useful phrase,
But since some fear on rudeness it may border,
A substitute is found in these last days
In "HEALY rising to a point of order"!

THERE is no truth in the report that Primrose Hill is in future to be called Mount Beaconsfield.



A FOOLISH BIRD.

"The Ostrich (*Species Gladstonensis*) after depositing its eggs in the burning sand of the desert, leaves them to the chances of incubation, adulation, or destruction. This naturally shy but nervously daring Bird, then hides its head in any hole, hollow, or covert in the sand or rock, in the vain hope to avoid peril by deliberately blinding itself to danger."—*BUFFOON'S Natural History*.

Digest of Laws of Digestion.

THE following advertisement sounds well, if read straight off :—
 "Food and Feeding by Sir HENRY THOMPSON F.R.C.S. considerably enlarged." If anyone goes in heavily for Food and Feeding, the chances are that like Sir HENRY he will be "considerably enlarged." But this treatise tells us how to go in *carefully* for it, and it is one of the best books on the subject with which we are acquainted. The hints on dinner-giving are, as they should be on such a subject, most entertaining. Would that all hosts resembled these hints; but it does happen that those who most entertain are themselves least entertaining.

SOCIALIST ECONOMY.—Taxation of the higher classes, and Government by the lower orders.

The Drama at a Distance.

THERE are some things which no fellow can make head or tail of. The subjoined advertisement, for instance, which appeared on the University Boat-Race Day, in the *Times*, is a startler :—

MR. HENRY IRVING, Miss ELLEN TERRY, and the Lyceum Company.—STAR THEATRE, New York. TO-NIGHT.—Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, Much Ado About Nothing, Louis XI., Charles I., The Lyons Mail, Eugene Aram, The Belle's Stratagem, and The Bells.

Plenty for the money! Nine plays to be performed on one night at New York? "On such a night"—we're glad we weren't there. How the audience must have sung out, "Oh, what a night we're having!"

SPECULATIVE BUILDERS' SOCIETY.—The London School Board.



FINDING OF A FOSSIL, OR PRE-VERNON-HARCOURTIAN ALDERMAN
BELONGING TO THE GLADSTONIAN EPOCH.

IN FOR HONOURS.

THE frequent announcement appearing under the Law Intelligence in the daily papers, to the effect that the "Bankrupt has passed his examination" (*sic*), having often excited the curiosity of intending Candidates for a Class in Insolvency as to the precise nature of the ordeal they may have to encounter, the following specimen test-paper of questions, prepared by a celebrated Cursitor Street Crammer may be read with interest:—

1. Define an "Act of Bankruptcy." Does a Theatrical Manager who obstinately insists on continuing the performance of a bad and lengthy modern Tragedy to empty benches necessarily commit himself to "five Acts of Bankruptcy"? Examine this, and explain in what manner orders of Court admitted after seven bear on the subject.
2. Give the various approved methods of exhausting an Official Receiver.
3. "*Ne exeat regno*." Illustrate this by quoting such main lines as occur to you from *Bradshaw*.
4. A. calls on B., requesting his immediate settlement of a small account that has been standing some time, upon which B. artfully lures A. into a cellar on the basement floor, and turns the key upon him. Can A. now fairly be regarded as a "Secured Creditor" within the meaning of the Act?
5. A younger son, who has first-floor Chambers in St. James's Street, considers it necessary to himself and to his position to keep a cab, belong to five Clubs, sport an Opera Stall, have a running account with all the leading Bond-Street tradesmen, give away occasional presents of jewellery, and never let his most moderate dinner cost him less than fifteen-and-sixpence. How long can he keep up this style of thing comfortably on an income of £120 per annum?
6. A Creditor determines to recoup himself by seizing the goods of a Debtor; but, on arriving for the purpose, finds that he has already been anticipated by some half-dozen bills of sale. As no execution is now possible, can he be regarded as the victim of a "hopeless attachment," and will he, failing to recover on the property, be likely to rally from the shock?

LOCAL COLOUR.

THE announcement made by a contemporary to the effect that, with a view to thoroughly fitting herself for her forthcoming impersonation of the rôle of *Juliet*, Miss MARY ANDERSON contemplates, during her well-earned vacation, paying a flying visit to Verona, has, as might have been expected, led to a general holiday rush in the ranks of the dramatic profession.

The following distinguished Artists, if they have not already taken their departure for the subjoined localities, will shortly do so, for the purpose of respectively stimulating their various managerial efforts:—

Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT—to Bath, to drink the waters; as a preparation to their promised production of *The Rivals*.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT—to Denmark Hill, to gather new and valuable information for his projected revival of *Hamlet*.

Mr. HENRY IRVING—to the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, to make a study of the latest managerial movements of Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

Messrs. HARE and KENDAL—to Cornwall, to pass a few days at the bottom of a tin mine, prior to their final dress-rehearsal of *Le Maître de Forges*.

The VOKES Family—to Wimbledon, to pick up a new hint or two for the improvement of *In Camp*.

Signor SALVINI—to Margate, to inspire himself with a truer and more thoroughly English conception of the character of *Macbeth*.

Mr. EDGAR BRUCE—to Penmaenmawr, to see if he can pick up a writer that will enable him to dispense with the services of his present Private Secretary.

Miss KATE VAUGHAN—to the Provinces, to learn various dialects, in order to perfect her representation of *The Country Girl* at the Novelty.

Mr. TOOLE—to Paris, to pick up the correct pronunciation of *Ici on parle Français*.

And Mr. CHARLES WYNNDHAM (on his return)—to Brighton, to try a little change.

"My friend Mrs. SNOWBLEACH," says Mrs. RAMBOTHAM, "certainly deserves all her wealth, for she dispenses hospitality with no nigger's hand."

7. State all you know about "Fraudulent Conveyance." Would the riding of the Bankrupt's Solicitor with his bag behind a four-wheeled cab, without the knowledge or consent of the driver, be a "fraudulent conveyance of property" within the meaning of the Act?
8. What is an "Undischarged Bankrupt"? Fully examine and explain the meaning of the phrase, with reference to the probability of his going off altogether if too heavily loaded.

EASTER MANŒUVRES.

THE PREMIER to secure his latest batch of papers the moment they arrive from Downing Street.

Sir ANDREW CLARK to put them in the fire when he is not looking.

Prince BISMARCK to assume an air of final resignation.

Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD to politely remove Sir BENSON MAXWELL.

Sir BENSON MAXWELL to amiably bring about the recall of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD.

NUBAR PASHA to effusively get rid of both of them.

THE LORD MAYOR to mix a parting "loving cup" for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to slip in an antidote before he drinks his Lordship's very good health.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to persuade his Party that, "quite the 130 Majority, he has got hold of such a good Easter Egg."

And Mr. HEALT to pelt anything or anybody with a few bad ones.

Out and Coombe Again!

(By a Hot Tory.)

HUMPH! Very right that haunt should fit with habit!

GLADSTONE, especially in matters foreign,

Has the tame plucklessness of a wild rabbit;

And now you see takes refuge in a Warren!

EUPHEMISM FOR A BLACKBALL.—*I. Ballo in Maschera.*

"LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS."

SHAKSPEARE (abridged).

(A Sunday Institution under two Aspects.)

FIRST ASPECT—INSIDE THE STUDIO.—Apartment equally suggestive of a church, a ball-room, and a costumier's shop, filled with a crowd of Visitors. Pictures intended for the Royal Academy displayed to advantage. Buzz of polite conversation.

Genial Visitor (to Group of Acquaintances). Why, here we are again! We seem to have been playing a sort of game of hide-and-seek all the morning and afternoon! Great fun!

Group of Acquaintances. Oh, yes, great fun!

Genial Visitor. Isn't it? But I do think they might give lunch. You see it is rather an undertaking from Kensington to St. John's Wood, and then *via* Hampstead to South Belgravia.

Group of Acquaintances. Awfully trying!

Genial Visitor. Rather jolly idea the arrangements here, eh? Prepares your mind for the Pictures, and all that sort of thing, eh? Do you think it is worth trying to push through the crowd to have a look at them?



Academical Study.

Group of Acquaintances. Scarcely.

Genial Visitor. So I think. Sure to be the usual sort of thing, I suppose.

Group of Acquaintances. Quite so.

Genial Visitor. By the way, which is our host?

Group of Acquaintances. Haven't the faintest idea.

Genial Visitor. Let's be off, then.

Group of Acquaintances. Let's!

[*Exeunt Genial Visitor and his Friends.*]

Influential Art-Critic (who has fought his way to the pictures). Ah, here they are!

Charles (his Friend). Hush! Somebody's coming!

Talented Artist (with, of course, real heartiness). Glad to see you! Very glad to see you, indeed! (*Looking admiringly at the result of his labours.*) Fancy I have successfully surmounted my difficulties. I don't mind telling you now, that I had a world of worry with that rainbow. A world of worry! You like it?

Influential Art-Critic. Ah! (*Puts his head on one side.*) Quite in your old style, too. Quite!

Charles (his Friend). Oh, beautiful! Really too, too lovely!

Talented Artist (ignoring CHARLES, and addressing his friend confidentially). Now, candidly, can you suggest any improvement?

Influential Art-Critic. Improvement! Impossible! Quite beyond improvement! Oh, yes; quite!

Charles (his Friend). Oh, yes; they really are too, too magnificent! Splendid! Grand! But don't you think that perhaps the frames might—

Distinguished Artist (ignoring CHARLES as before). I do so appreciate your judgment. Now, candidly, as between friends, what do you think of them?

Influential Art-Critic (with hearty enthusiasm). That they are pictures! Yes, really and truly, they are pictures!

Distinguished Artist. I am so very glad to hear you say so. Have you seen anything else anywhere?

Influential Art-Critic. Oh, sad rubbish! sad rubbish! A very bad year.

Distinguished Artist. So they tell me. I hear it on all sides.

Influential Art-Critic. Yes, yes. But I have been amply compensated by my visit here. (*Heartily.*) And now, good-bye!

[*Cordial farewell, and Exeunt Influential Art-Critic and CHARLES (his Friend).*]

SECOND ASPECT—OUTSIDE THE STUDIO.—In the Street. Enter from the house of the Distinguished Artist, Eminent Art-Critic and Companion.

Eminent Art-Critic. Thank goodness, that's the last of them!

Charles (his Friend). But you liked his pictures?

Eminent Art-Critic. Liked 'em! Why, what made you think that?

Charles (his Friend). But you said—

Eminent Art-Critic. Nothing! What I do think is, that they are the wretchedest daubs I have ever seen! Weak, bad colour, no drawing, utter want of composition! Sir, they are simply beastly!

Charles (his Friend). Oh!

[*As they retire, Genial Visitor and Group of Acquaintances enter.*]

Genial Visitor. Well, come, at last we have got through them all! Not such a bad way of killing a Sunday, after all. Eh? Especially as we have objections to the Sabbath opening of Art-Galleries. Eh?

Group of Acquaintances. Quite so.

Genial Visitor. You see, going the rounds of the Studios you meet your friends, the Ladies look at one another's dresses, and the men exchange Club-land rumours. Moreover, it's quite the thing to do. Then there are the pictures—

Group of Acquaintances. Oh, hang the pictures!

Genial Visitor. Certainly. By all means, hang the pictures!

[*And a month later the pictures ARE hung at the Royal Academy.*]

Advice gratis.—Abolish Show Sunday and Private Views. Why shouldn't London wait till the pictures are in the Academy?

ROBERT ON THE BILL!

So the fatal Nell is struck at last! and Sir WILLIAM WERDANT ARCOUNT, after giving two long ears to its considerashun, has struck his fatal blow!

And in wot a artful way! Does he say as how as the sacred Copperashun has bin and gone and got worn hout with age, and ard work, and igh living? No, not he; but, on the contrary, he achally says as it's sitch a nobel and extrawnery hinstitushun that it's too good for the little City, but just good enuff for all London. Well, that seems to a pore Waiter, who often and often sees Common Counselmen and Washupfool Haldermen at their very best, about the rummest reason for sending 'em all about their bizzness as ever I heard on. But then think how hartfully as it's all dun. He says as they are sitch a nobel lot of chaps as it's quite himpossible to do without sum on 'em, jest to set the new set of hignoramuses a-going, and to sho 'em how to do heverything of himportence, sitch as hordering dinners, and making free with Kings and Neros and hillustrated swells of all sorts, and so about 40 of the werry best Common Counselmen is to be sleckted for that pupus, and as nat'rally every man Jack on 'em thinks as he's sure to be one of the helest, Sir WERDANT at wunce disharms the lot and sends 'em away smilin.

But there's jest one serious pint as almost brort tears to my eyes when I erd it. He achally has the hawdacity to habolish, at wunce and for hever, all the nobel Harmy of Haldermen, 26 in number, who has bin for about seven hundred ears, the pride, and glory, and hadmurashun, and henvy of mankind in general, and Ladies in partickleher. Wat has lent its grandest charm to our City per-se-sions? wat has lited up with the brilyansy of a Rain Bow our nobel City Bankwets? Wot has reminded all hobeswers of SOLYMAN in hall his glory? Why, the jawgeous Scarlet Robes of our rewered Aldermun. And now, all alike, weather they bes the somewhat faded glories of half a Sentry's wear, or the brite dazzling things of joy and buty that has been bort and paid for at enormous coost within the last few munce, all alike is to be carst aside, like the now useless Armer of the Nights of old!

That's bad enuff, but, as the Poet says, "wus remanes behind." Not only is they deprived of their gownds, and their power, but they are achally to loose their werry names, and the Court of Haldermen will set no more? Who's to take charge of the City Lunerties, poor fellers, afterwards, is of coarse too small a matter for a Lordly Ome Secretary, but as the number will probably largely increase if this terrybel Bill is past, it will have to be attended to.

The awful ideer cums across my mind, that wen the New Zealand hartist cums here sum five sentrys hence to sketch all the departed wunders of the ruined City, he mite praps dig up the copse of a fozzil Halderman buried in his skarlet robe! and drop a new zeoland tear over this rellick of long departed grateness, wen comparing it to the mizzerabel cullerless subtitoots of his native land.

I hopes as I ain't quite sitch a fool as not to know that as other things change so ewen Sacred Copperashuns must change, but surely, surely, Sir WERDANT, you mite have given us all, waiters included, some sort of compensashun.

My nobel paytrons will nat'rally miss their ard work, and their soshal injoyments, and wot in the name of all that's dredful is to become of hus!

My feelinx has received that shok by what I herd in the Ouse and by what I have red out of it, that I cannot suffisiently collect my thorts to exhamin into the warious parts of the Bill, and so shall resurve that for next week, but I cannot conclod without jest one sollum word of pity for pore Sir JAMES MAC GARRALLOUS HOGG, Cheerman of the Metropolis Bored of Works. He is at one swell swoop not only deprived of his Chair and his Bored and his ansom Sallery of £2,000 a year, but all the compensashun he gits for this unansum conduk is, that he is made a Common Counselman for three ears, and no more!

ROBERT.

IRISH MELODY WITH VARIATIONS.—"The Harp that once through Tara(diddle's) Halle."



"DON'T!"

ADVICE TO PEOPLE WHO WISH TO GET ON.

DON'T, WHEN BROWN IS TELLING YOU THAT CAPITAL STORY OF HIS ADVENTURE WITH HIS WASHERWOMAN, STARE AT HIM IN A BLANK AND VACANT MANNER, AS IF YOU DIDN'T SEE THE POINT, OR WERE NOT LISTENING—

AND THEN, THE VERY NEXT TIME YOU HAPPEN TO MEET HIM, TELL THE VERY STORY TO HIM AS IF IT HAD HAPPENED TO YOURSELF, WITH BOARS OF LAUGHTER AT YOUR OWN WIT AND INIMITABLE POWERS OF NARRATION!

ANOTHER "BITTER CRY."

BUMBLE, to his friend and fellow-martyr, Mr. Alderman GUBBINGS, *loquitur*—

At last! The blow's fell after all,—as I 'oped agin 'ope it might *not*,—
And, by Jove, it's a regular stunner! It simply means Going to Pot! No use Mister Alderman GUBBINGS in tryin' to wrop it up nice, It's just lkybod, that's wot it is, as must cert'ny be plain to blind mice.

Blind mice! They're blind *rats* them there Rads, jest as dirty, destructive, and fierce;
If they'd got any buzzums, *our* fate, Mister GUBBINGS, them buzzums 'nd pierce.
But they ain't no more 'cart than a lettuce plant, no, not among the 'ole pack,
And a tenpenny-nail stuck point upwards 'as just as much feelin' and tack.

Abolish the Westries! Blue MOSES! It makes a chap's wiskers untwist
To think of sich hoffle hoppression, with never no pow'r to resist.
The 'ole 'warsal world goes a-wobbling, earth's solid foundations seems shook
Wen Aldermen ain't no more wanted, and BUMBLE may jest sling his 'ook.

District Councils? That's all Tommy Rot, Sir! Wot powers, I arsk, will *they* 'ave?
No! a Alderman's somethink himposing, a Westryman's not a mere slave.

Lor! the weakits and wiskers I've gazed on, the speeches I've follered with hor!
And to think them white weakits will glitter, them rosy gills gobble no more!

It's 'art-breaking, *that's* wot it is! Wich a Beadle ain't easy unmanned;
But that 'ARCOURT, yes, him and no other, this 'orrible plot should 'ave planned,
Is 'arrowing! *Him* with that waistband, that chin like a tripple-rowed shelf,
Who with jest a cocked 'at and red breeches would make sech a Beadle hisself!!!

He might 'ave 'ad more feller-feelink! From smug cock-nosed FIRTH, blustrous BEAL,
Who would bolt Westried Interests like bulls' eyes, and gulp the LORD MAKE at a meal,
We didn't o' course expect nothink; but 'ARCOURT—well, there, it's a blow!
But since You and Me, Sir, is chucked, wy the 'ole blessed biling may go.

Never more shall the Westry 'All ekker with regular good give-and-take,
Never more shall fat fore-finger wag, or big bunches o' fives thump and shake!
Never more shall the nice little feeds crown the finish of nice little jobs,
Never more shall elections be pleasures, perductive of tanners and bobs!

"I shall not attack Westries," says 'ARCOURT. He *might* 'a left that to false FIRTH.
Ain't we squelched, Mr. Alderman GUBBINGS, himproved hoff the face of the hearth?
Absorbed? Yah! That's all 'ARCOURT's gammon designed for bamboozle and fog;
He won't diddle hus in that way, though he may poor Sir MACKAREL 'Ogg!

Howsomever he ain't done us yet. He 'as brought in his Bill, yes, wus luck!
And things *do* look ominous, very. But, bless yer, we've plenty of pluck.



ANOTHER "BITTER CRY."

ALDERMAN. "OH, BUMBLE! JUST TO THINK OF IT!—NO MORE HALDERMEN!!"

BUMBLE. "AR SIR! IT'S WUSS THAN THAT!—NO WESTRIES! NO BEADLES! NO NOTHINK!!"

BOTH (despairingly). "OH, WERDANT 'ARCOURT! WERDANT 'ARCOURT!"— [They bust into tears.]



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He won't catch you quite on the 'op, Mister GUBBINGS, for all his bow-wow.
And BUMBLE's bin chivvied and threatened a good many times afore now.

There's FOWLER; there's you, Mister GUBBINGS, and 'undreds 'o Westrymen bold,
And—ah! 'tain't no use, Mister GUBBINGS, to cock my old 'at and to scold.
I feels like Otheller or Wolsy. No Westries! no Beadles!! in fack
No nothink!!! There, BUMBLE's a-blubbing! But 'ang it, I carn't keep 'em back!
[Left weeping together.]

NOTES FROM "NIBBS."

To Our Only Mr. A. Harris, of Drury Lane, on a Report about a distinguished actor.

MY DEAR AUGUSTUS HARRIS,
AREN'T you pleased—but I know your noble nature—I know you are pleased at hearing that the youngest-but-one London



ADVT.—New Four (Sheet) Poster for "Claudian."

Manager has been invited to return thanks for the Drama at the forthcoming Banquet of the Royal Academy! All among the Swells, AUGUSTUS, all among the Swells! with the Olympian Deities! in the Wal-hallabaloo of the Arts! Oh, he has got a chance of distinguishing himself this time, has our own dear WILSON BARRETT, to whom henceforth we will sing in chorus (a BARRETT - tone, of course, whenever you

have the time to spare, and feel inclined to join me), "Oh, what a lucky young man you are!"

And our dear S. BANCROFT, Esq., who glories in being "the Oldest Manager in London," won't he be pleased to think that our WILSON BARRETT is to be the first Professional Gentleman invited in a representative professional capacity to take his place in that Eminent Assembly among the Bishops and Deans and Lords! The assemblage will, I regret to say, not be quite so brilliant as in former years, for Royalty, alas! must necessarily be absent, but still our excellent WILSON BARRETT will be the "thin end of the wedge," if he will allow me to call him so, as I believe I am correct in saying that since the days of Sir JOSHUA's friend, GARRICK, no representative of the Drama as such, and while still performing, has ever appeared on the Academy boards and addressed the audience.

Retired Actors, and Actors temporarily out of an engagement, have frequently, no doubt, enjoyed the Academical hospitality as private persons and guests of the Academicians, but not I think to be called upon to return thanks as representatives of the Theatrical Profession, as distinct from the Drama, for, as you well know, my dear AUGUSTUS HARRIS, the Actor is made for the Drama and not the Drama for the Actor. As you have often justly observed, being Author, Actor, and Manager yourself, "A Dramatic Author should return thanks for the Drama, and an Actor for the Theatrical Profession." And you are right. Not but what you are always right, but in this instance righter than ever.

Henrico absente, WILSON BARRETT appears as "the Vice"—a very ancient theatrical character,—with a wand, I believe. And to think that HENRY IRVING can't come back in time! How pleased, though, he will be, how genuinely delighted, when he hears that WILSON BARRETT, our *Claudian*, and our coming *Hamlet*, has been invited to represent *Aim* at the Banquet of the Gods! No doubt he'll cable a congratulation. And won't the St. James's Managers be in ecstasies! and the Court Theatre partners too! And won't they all publicly express themselves "really pleased that the Theatrical" ("Dramatic," they'll call it) "Profession has been recognised by the Royal Academy." Well, it is nice to think of, and you, my dear AUGUSTUS, as Manager of the National Theatre, entitled to a guard of honour before your door to keep watch over "Her Majesty's Servants," will rejoice,—though at the same time the idea may occur to you, why don't they confer a Knighthood on the Manager of the Royal and National Theatre, give him a court suit and a decoration (lots of 'em in the Theatre's wardrobe), and let him have a place *by right* at the

Academy Banquet? But, as the leading melodramatic villain says, "A time will come!"—and you may yet live to be the first President of the Royal Dramatic Academy, Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS! Then will come Sir HENRY IRVING, then Sir WILSON BARRETT, and, of course, as President of the Royal Comedy Corporation, Sir JOHN LAURENCE TOOLE, Bart. O paste and rouge! O MAY and CLARKSON! O NATHAN and HARRISON! O AUGUSTE and ALIAS! Here's a glorious future. But suppose it isn't true, and suppose our WILSON BARRETT hasn't been asked to return thanks for the Drama (he'll have to return his audience the money for that night if he doesn't play—and it's a Saturday night too) at the Academy Banquet? Well, then—if not—I know what you'll say—"If not, he ought to be."

Au revoir! Hope you found that thousand-pound cheque which the papers said you lost at your hotel in Paris. Give my respects to CARL ROSA, who is at your theatre by this time, and tell him how delighted everybody is at his returning to town. Ask him what has become of one of the most promising *Carmens* I ever heard—Miss DE LA RUE? I see he is bringing out a new Opera, music by Mr. STANFORD, and libretto by my accomplished young confrère, GILBERT A BECKETT. It is to be called *The Canterbury Pilgrims*. Good. The name A BECKETT is associated with Canterbury and Pilgrims. For myself, when CARL ROSA is not in London to give me music, I am mostly a Canterbury Hall Pilgrim. I anticipate a success; and, at all events, it is not likely that either Mr. STANFORD or Mr. G. A BECKETT will meet with the fate of the latter's distinguished ancestor, though if the librettist does do so, he will not be the first Dramatic Author who has done good work and then been murdered. But *adieu* omen! my dear AUGUSTUS HARRIS; and, if you will permit me to add, "*Vivent HARRIS et CARL son ami!*"

Yours devotedly,

NIBBS.

P.S.—I see that Triumphant Failure, the Dramatic College,—which was too near the Woking Cemetery to be pleasant for retired Actors who didn't want to be perpetually reminded of re-hearsal,—has been purchased for an Oriental University for visitors and students from the Punjab. It might have been turned into a sort of Theatrical Broadmoor Prison for confirmed "gaggers." However, the chance was lost; the "gaggers" are still at large, and the Punjabberers possess the Dramatic College. *Sic transit!*

"VAT A LARKS!"

THERE is a great Bird Exhibition going on at Vienna, including "all known birds and their manner of living," and a "Mountain of Birds," made out of innumerable stuffed victims—who would seem to exemplify the "manner of dying," not of living. Here is a hint for South Kensington. Why not a "Grand International Ornithological Show" next year, with a *Sixpenny Grouse and Partridge Dinner*—three courses, not at all high—or any other fowl of the air in season, and in reason? The Game might be worth the candle.

Of course, everything remotely connected with birds would come in useful. For instance, there might be a picture of the Gentleman who once shot an arrow into the air, and didn't hit a bird, but hit a tree instead. Why not engage stuffed specimens of the Early-Bird tribe, with an "*Anneze*" for the Early Bird's Early Worms? A "*Chamber of Volucrine Horrors*" would be sure to pay—let it include—

1. Models from Life of Pigeon-Torturers.
2. Ditto, ditto of Pigeon-Shooters.
3. Some East-End Bird-catchers, with apparatus for blinding larks to make them sing.

Then there should be a Section for *Extinct Birds*, the "Dodo," with his cousin the "Don't-on-any-Account," the Cock of the Walk, the Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds baked in a Pie, the Nightingale of Shoreditch, the Thrush of Wood Street (WORDSWORTH'S Thrush), the Phoenix, and (in the American Section) the Spread Eagle, &c., &c.

Then let there be—

1. Singing-matches between rival Canaries.
2. Screeching ditto between Cockatoos. (Entrance free on this day.)
3. Specimens of Poetry about Birds.
4. Busts of the Poets who wrote the Poetry.
5. Names and Addresses of the Tradesmen who supplied hats and boots to the Poets.

Specimens of Hats and Boots which the same Tradesmen are ready to supply to anybody, even if they don't write Poetry about Birds, or about anything else.

Pheasants would have a Section to themselves (in the dining-room) where diners could have a Section of the pheasants to themselves;—"not where they eat, but where they are eaten." If supplied *gratis*, or in the sixpenny menu, this would be a trump-card for the Committee to play. However, the Committee, or Managers, or Organisers, or whatever they are called, must remember that in this sort of game the "honours" are always "easy"—exceedingly easy.

RAISING THE BANK-RATE.—Expostulation with Riparian Proprietors.



"C'EST LE PREMIER PAS," &C.

Husband (airily, they had just returned from their Wedding Trip). "IF I'M NOT HOME FROM THE CLUB BY—AH—TEN, LOVE, YOU WON'T WAIT—"

Wife (quietly). "No, DEAR"—(but with appalling firmness)—"I'LL COME FOR YOU!!"
[He was back at 9'45 sharp!]

MAD OR NOT MAD?

Brown (closing his newspaper). Mad as a March hare, evidently!

Jones (smiling). Oh, is that your verdict? Based on what evidence?

Brown (positively). Why, nobody would do and say such preposterous things who was sane!

Jones (coolly). Oh! is that all? Very inconclusive, I'm afraid. Doing and saying preposterous things is no evidence of insanity.

Brown. How do you make that out?

Jones. Why, look at my friend SMITH! You don't know him? Well, listen and judge. Like Mr. Dick, he cannot get on for five minutes without bringing in by the head and shoulders one particular subject, which is to him as King CHARLES's head was to *Betsy Trotwood's* demented friend. He'll bring it in *à propos* of a new book, or the MAHDI, or the Ammoniphone, or the price of meat, or prehistoric man, or the Boat Race, or *Belt v. Lawes*,

or anything else from the Egyptian Question to the price of oysters. He could no more keep it out of a paragraph than out of a page or a volume. He has absolutely no sense of proportion in language, nor any feeling for fairness of spirit. He twists everything into sinister relation to his subject with a persistent senselessness worthy of a monomaniac. However innocently he may start, he is bound to end with some incongruous snap, or sneer, or flout or chuckle directed at his ubiquitous *bête noir*. He sees mischief, and meanness, and malice aforethought in everything relating thereto. No poor soul who fancies himself a flying teapot pursued with murderous intent by the Emperor of CHINA, is less capable of taking a fair view of facts or an undistorted estimate of motives. Now, what would you think of my poor friend SMITH?

Brown (with conviction). That he is a monomaniacal madman.

Jones. Quite so. Yet he is not!

Brown. What on earth is he then?

Jones. A smart Party Journalist!

SONG BY A SILENT MEMBER.

AIR—"Love was once a little Boy."

TIME had once not far to fly—

Hear, hear, hear, hear!

Ere we got into Supply—

Hear, &c.

Now that's in a backward state,

Thank abundance of debate,

Not to call it needless prate.

Hear, &c.

When at length Supply we reach—

Hear, &c.

Then there's further waste of speech—

Hear, &c.

So that measures get delayed;

Promised Bills, some left unpaid,

Wanted for the good of Trade.

Hear, &c.

Innocents like those we mourn.

Hear, &c.

Some of them are babes unborn;

Hear, &c.

Those of a vexatious sort;

Others happily cut short;

Bless long-breathed palaver for't!

Hear, &c.

"Do me no good," cries the Mass,

Hear, &c.

Each, "whatever Bills they pass."

Hear, &c.

"Never mind, so long as we

Are happy, and they leave us free,

What's the odds to you and me?"

Hear, hear, hear, hear!

SANDWICH CRAFT.

WE read in the papers that a series of entertainments to Sandwich Men have recently been given, and that they were greatly delighted with the mental treat afforded by the music of BEETHOVEN, MOZART, and SCHUBERT, and the literature of SHAKESPEARE, TENNYSON, and DICKENS. If at these gatherings there was a combination of BEETHOVEN and Beefsteaks, MOZART and Mutton-chops, SCHUBERT and Sandwiches, DICKENS and Dutch cheese, TENNYSON and Tea, and SHAKESPEARE and Shrimps, we can imagine the entertainment to be very satisfactory. But we fail to see that SHAKESPEARE would satisfy the cravings of hunger, that TENNYSON would quench thirst, or that MOZART and SCHUBERT would be equivalent to a warm coat and a sound pair of shoes.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: NO. 9: THE SMOKING ROOM OF THE HOUSE.

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Tuesday, April 8, 2 A.M.—Division on the Franchise Bill at last. Comes after six days' debate, and everyone agrees that there has been nothing to say. GLADSTONE made another speech. Commenced by complaining no arguments to meet, and went on through hour looking for them. GOSCHEN, who really had something strange to say, took another hour. Conservatives delighted. Their own men been rather praising up the Bill, though judiciously hedged by promising to vote against it. Here was GOSCHEN boldly opposing it, and declaring he would vote against it!

"Capital speech," said GIBSON. "Closely argued, full of sound principle. Only drawback, GOSCHEN's uncertainty as to whether he's accidentally come out without his coat. Nothing can long convince him that it is not only on, but buttoned. Hasn't got through twenty sentences before begins feeling all up the front seams. Contact with buttons convinces him. Then, suddenly, dark suspicion enters his mind. Perhaps his coat ripped up the back! Feels round there. All right. Then begins earnestly washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water, as SHAKESPEARE says. That sets him off again. Theory of association of ideas; always got his coat off when he washes his hands; washing his hands now: *Argal*, coat must be off. Without waiting to dry his fingers, he makes a dash up and down the front of his coat. No. All is well. Still on, and yet buttoned. Once more comes horrible thought. Must, after all, be split up the back. Feels himself all over. Reassured. Goes on describing Democracy. Here again association of ideas comes in. Democracy grimy handed; grimy hands must be washed; so has another thorough laundry performance. Doubts about coat, and so on, *da capo*. Still, first-rate speech."

Second Reading of Franchise Bill carried by tremendous majority, 340 for, 210 against. Lord COLERIDGE down to see fun.

"Got any more of those little stories you brought from the States?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "Fact is (besides having told 'em all) given up practice. Complaints from friends in America that it's not quite the thing to go into their society and bring away stories of themselves and their doings, their lives and their movements, their dress recorded, their company catalogued, and their most private relations dragged into the light of day. So no more stories from me."

Wednesday, 1 A.M.—Last Sitting before the Easter Recess. Spun out till now. Might just as well have adjourned after Morning Sitting. But Parnellites implacable.

"Haven't had a row for three days," sighs JOSEPH GILLIS, "House of Commons going from bad to worse."

JOEY B. radiant now. Long sitting morning and evening been pretty well a continuous row. First of all there was the Detection of Dodds. That stern inflexible old Gentleman been getting out a circular asking Members to vote for a Railway Bill on double ground that his son is Solicitor for the Bill, and that Dodds *père* is "anxious to defeat Mr. LOWTHER." Difficult to say which inducement the more attractive. House pleased to contemplate the implacable Dodds in position of fond parent; but Truthful JAMES inclined to take serious view of affair. RANDOLPH equally virtuous. WOLFF's spectacles dimmed with indignation. Dodds penitent, but RANDOLPH inflexible, and he only escapes by narrow majority on Division.

HARCOURT brought in Government of London Bill in speech two hours long. Thoroughly enjoyed himself, though pleasure of the afternoon rather palled upon the House. Daddy Dodds, worn out with excitement, domestic and otherwise, of earlier part of sitting, publicly went to sleep behind Treasury Bench.

At Evening Sitting Irish Members in force. HEALY had row with SPEAKER, in which he came off second best.

"You did that capitally, Sir," I said to SPEAKER, shaking hands as we left House. "If you have a fault, you're inclined to go too much into detail in giving your rulings. Never give a reason; never refer to your own feelings or anybody else's. You've got the Rules to go upon. Not your business to justify them. You've done uncommonly well, especially to-night, and you'll do better."

Business done.—House adjourns for Easter Recess. Best stroke of Session.

POETS TO ORDER.

"*PONTA nascitur non Al.*" Nothing of the kind. We have changed all that in the present practical days. See the following advertisement from the *Daily News* :—

A MATEUR POETS.—All desirous of entering the ranks of Professional Writers may hear of an excellent opportunity.—For particulars send plainly-addressed envelope, &c.

There is something distressingly matter-of-fact and business-like in "for particulars send plainly-addressed envelope." Probably this gentleman has a selection of picked Poets and selected reach-me-down rhymesters for his clients to choose from. Possibly we shall hear of Lord TENNYSON taking apprentices, and Mr. BROWNING pupils after this. Sonnet-writing will become as commonplace as stock-jobbing, and we shall be able to engage Poets at a certain wage, just as we should a Cook or a Footman.

THE Evil Genius in a Pantomime going down through a trap-door may be described as "A Sink of Iniquity."

VERY TRYING.

A Record of a few Trials of Patience.

No. X.—ALDERMAN JUGGINS.

MR. ALDERMAN JUGGINS took his seat on the Bench at the Guildhall Police-Court for the first time. Addressing Mr. GUFFIN, the Chief Clerk, Alderman Juggins said:—I feel the responsibility of my responsible position, and no one can think too seriously or too highly of the important duties attending the position of a Chief Metropolitan Magistrate. But while striving to perform my onerous duties, I shall always endeavour to temper mercy with justice.



"Doing it on his Head."

There was an attempt at applause in Court, but it was immediately silenced by Mr. GUFFIN, the Chief Clerk.

JOHN CHIFFS, no occupation, was charged with snatching a watch and chain from ERIC SKIMMERS.

Mr. SKIMMERS deposed that the Prisoner ran against him, and apologised for doing so. Witness accepted the apology, and immediately missed his watch.

Alderman Juggins (to Witness). Would you like to ask the Prisoner any questions?

Mr. Guffin (the Chief Clerk). I beg your pardon, Sir; you mean would the Prisoner like to ask the Witness any question.

Alderman Juggins. No, I don't. I know what I mean well enough. (To Witness.) If you would like to ask the Prisoner a question, now is your time. Only be careful what you ask, as it will be written down, and may be used against you.

Mr. Guffin (the Chief Clerk). Excuse me, Sir. This is not the usual course.

Alderman Juggins. Then, pray what is?

Mr. GUFFIN (the Chief Clerk) privately informed the learned Alderman that when in doubt, if he would consult him (Mr. GUFFIN), he would be properly directed. This was the course adopted by all Aldermen, and even by the LORD MAYOR himself.

Alderman Juggins. If that is the proper course, I can only say it is quite time for a complete revolution in the City. What is the use of an Alderman sitting on the Bench, if the Chief Clerk is to prompt in the sentences? Where is the dignity of the Alderman under such circumstances? Why, the City might as well be represented by Stipendiary Magistrates, and adone with it. No. I am the Magistrate here, and shall perform my duty to the best of my honour and ability.

There was an attempt at applause in Court, which was immediately suppressed by Mr. GUFFIN, the Chief Clerk.

Alderman Juggins. As the Witness declines to question the Prisoner, I shall cross-examine him myself.

Mr. Guffin (the Chief Clerk). I submit most humbly, Sir, that course is irregular. A Magistrate cannot cross-examine the Prisoner.

Alderman Juggins. I tell you he can. It is done abroad. I was in Paris last Spring, and heard a Magistrate cross-examine a prisoner for four hours, and would have gone on longer only the Prisoner fainted in the dock from sheer exhaustion.

Mr. Guffin (the Chief Clerk). Then, Sir, I can only ask you to relieve me from any consequences that may transpire from such a course as you propose to adopt.

Alderman Juggins. Most certainly. (To the Prisoner.) Why did you steal this Gentleman's watch.

The Prisoner. I didn't, Sir.

Alderman Juggins. Yes, you did.

The Prisoner. No, I didn't—

Alderman Juggins. I say you did, Sir.

The Prisoner. And I say I didn't.

Alderman Juggins. The Witness says you did, too.

The Prisoner. Well, I say I didn't; leastways, not intentionally. He was dashing by me—my thumb caught in his watch-chain, then I found his watch in my hand, and the question simply resolved itself into this—should I return the watch at once, or borrow it for a short time. But I hadn't a chance of doing either, for I was given into custody.

Alderman Juggins (to the Witness SKIMMERS). What have you to say to that?

Witness. Simply, yer Honour, that it isn't true.

Alderman Juggins. But he swears it is.

Witness. Pardon me, your Honour, but the Prisoner does not swear it. He isn't on his oath.

Alderman Juggins. Then why isn't he?

Mr. Guffin (the Chief Clerk). Prisoners are never sworn, Sir.

Alderman Juggins. What a monstrous iniquity! All this needs reformation. (To Prisoner.) Well, I will give you the benefit of the doubt, and fine you forty shillings or a month.

Mr. Guffin (the Chief Clerk). Really, Sir, you can't fine a Prisoner for stealing a watch.

Alderman Juggins. Well, I'm not going to let him off.

Mr. Guffin (the Chief Clerk). You misunderstand me, Sir. You must either remand him, sentence him to imprisonment with hard labour, or send him for trial.

Alderman Juggins. Nonsense; it's a waste of time. I shall fine him. He's evidently very sorry.

Mr. Guffin (the Chief Clerk). There are more Witnesses, Sir.

Alderman Juggins. We don't want them. I've had quite enough of this case. Call on the next.

BLOUNT CUTLER, described as a Solicitor's Clerk, was charged with assaulting FRANK SELLYER.

Mr. SELLYER, who appeared with a black eye, said: He regretted to say that he was the cause of the quarrel, and he wished to withdraw the charge. The Defendant was not the least to blame in the matter; in fact, he had acted with great forbearance.

Alderman Juggins. But he gave you that black eye?

Witness. I brought it on myself.

Alderman Juggins. Nonsense! The case must go on.

Witness. I decline to give evidence. It's not a felony.

Alderman Juggins. Perhaps you'll teach me my duty?

Witness. I would, only I haven't time.

Alderman Juggins. How dare you?

Defendant. I say, wake up! Don't keep me fooling about in this dock all day. You'll have to discharge me.

Alderman Juggins. How dare you indulge in this insolence? What do you know about the Law?

Defendant. A great deal more than you. I am a Solicitor's Clerk, while the whole of your life has been devoted to the manufacture of tin-pots and candlesticks.

Alderman Juggins. I shall commit you for contempt of Court.

Defendant here burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. When he recovered, he said:—You can't commit for contempt in a police-court. I thought every fool knew that.

Witness. You can take a summons out against him for abuse.

Alderman Juggins. Be quiet. You're both a couple of blackguards.

Witness. I shall take a summons out against you, if you're not civil.

Alderman Juggins. I shall consult my colleague, Alderman Sir RIBBON CORDON.

Defendant. He knows no more about the Law than you. Look here, you must discharge me, and, in return, I'll send you my little handbook, entitled *Every Man his Own Magistrate; or, Law in the Back Drawing-Room*.

Witness. Well, I've an appointment in the City, and can't wait any longer. (The Witness left the Court.)

Alderman Juggins (to Mr. Guffin, the Chief Clerk). How much can I give him?

Mr. Guffin (the Chief Clerk). Nothing, Sir. You must discharge him.

Alderman Juggins (to Prisoner). You're a blackguard, Sir; and not fit to remain in this Court. Be off!

REPLY FOR RAMSGATE.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—“What's this I hear,”—as *Truth* generally commences a paragraph when it's going to give a starter,—“What's this I hear about the health of Ramsgate? Knowing something about it, indeed almost as much as the excellent Vicar, Mr. WHITING (most appropriate name, says Mr. JOE MILLER Junior, for a sea-side Clergyman with the cure of soles—eh! just the place for him, &c., &c.) I can confidently indorse the Vicar's assertion, in his letter to the *Times*, April 10th, and declare that the statements as to the present insalubrity of Ramsgate have not the slightest fact to found themselves upon. Being unsupported they must drop.

On a fine morning—and when is it not fine at Ramsgate?—the sea is of a Mediterranean blue, the fishes sparkle in the sun, the dolphins play, the birds in their little nests agree, and the hearts of the landsmen go out to the Mermaids on the rocks, and to the merry mariners in the calm and sunlit offing. Light-hearted are the Light-ship-mates, the temperature is better than on the Riviera, and days and nights less treacherous. Then at night—if night it can be called where there are such stars and such constellations, and a Royal Crescent Moon shedding its gentle rays on the gothic towers, gables, and garmoyles—no, gargoyles—of the Welby-Pugin West Cliff—Ramsgate is simply delicious, balmy, beautiful!

Whoever may be the envious or jealous *Other-Seaside-place* person who has dared to fabricate these damaging stories, his attempt to blacken the fair fame of Ramsgate has been whitewashed out by a most decided WHITING. In fact, so enticing is the Vicar's report, that I should not have been surprised had his initials not been T. B. WHITING, but I. N. WHITING, for as our friend “ROBERT” would say, “I never new a more in-writing spot.” However, the Vicar is right—and so am I.

And remain, yours sincerely,

“T” IN THE HARBOUR.

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